In My Neighborhood

Spice 1

Hey yo, Spice, what's goin' on, man?
I see five-O over there, is that five-O?
Same muthafuckas that beat my partner down last week
But I ain't trippin', I got this 187 Proof by my side
It's finna be on, is that right? Yeah
But where you stayin' at, man, what's goin' on?
Same muthafuckin' neighborhood, man
Just tryin' to get this shit off the ground
This rap thing, you know? Yeah, I heard that shit, man
Let them niggas know what time it is, yeah, check itI like to walk around my hood, smokin' dank a lot
I see some brothers in the trees, is they slingin' rocks?
Runnin' through a broken-down wooden fence
A nigga didn't have brains 'cause he smoked sinseOr sess, or whatever you wanna call it, he got the task on his ass
Better haul it, fiends suckin' up the crack in the backyard
Dropped a pebble on the ground, now he's lookin' hard
Will he keep searchin' or will he cease and just forget the hit?Or pull a jack move and let the nine click, I'm in the cut, late night
About 12 O'clock, I see some brothers bustin' caps in a parking lot
There go my homies rollin' up in a black 'Vette
Nothin' but the money for the paycheck"Another day, another dead up in the alleyway"
That's what the boys in the Bay up in Cali say
The California life, task in the palm trees
Brothers be clockin' G's, slingin' KI's up in my neighborhoodIn my neighborhood
In my, in my, in my neighborhood
In my neighborhoodFunk, is a part of my life
It's the sound of the gangster Spice
Warning, check out the blast of a shotgun
Nine muthafuckin' millimeter, have one or two or three or four'Cause every brother in my hood is hardcore
Boom-boom to the death of a cop, pop-pop-pop, see another one drop
Crazy-ass nigga off the peppermint schnapps
And now you wonder why young niggas sling hop?Never woulda thought I'd be a dealer of dope
Niggas slingin' and bangin' and breakin' necks and throats
The spot, it was poppin', but yet the fuzz kept ridin' my jock
Tick-tock, I watch the clock, they flockSee a undercover cop raise off the block
That's how it is in the game of slingin' rocks
'Cause on the TV they make it look real good
But Mr. Rogers ain't got shit on my niggas up in the neighborhoodIn my neighborhood
In my, in my, in my neighborhood

In my neighborhoodWelcome to the ghetto, although I call it my neighborhood
Some people get out, but some people stay for good
I see a dopefiend yellin' he's a O.G.
He scratched his head and started starin' like he knows meI say, "What up, old man, I seen your face before"
It was my homie's pops, shirt dirty, pants tore
He had a 40 in his hand, left a little swallow
He said, "Young-ass nigga," and then he threw the bottleI ducked down, and I had to duck real fast
Stepped two feet back, and then I banked his ass
I started kickin' and stompin' my nigga's brains out
I heard a bitch yell "Freeze" and runnin' out the houseIt was his wife, and the bitch started bustin' at me
I can't believe this shit, this bitch is trigger-happy
Pull out my nine, bust the bitch in the left titty
That's how it is in a burned-out dopefiend city
And now you're sayin' I'm the nigga up to no good
If gives a fuck if you're Bush, you get jacked up in my neighborhoodIn my neighborhood
In my, in my, in my neighborhood
In my neighborhood

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